

FIRST EDITION

PRINCE ARTHUR.

A Visit to the Forts in New York Harbor—A Pleasant Day and a Social, Festive Evening—An Amusing Hoax at the Tombs.

Prince Arthur breakfasted at a much earlier hour than usual yesterday morning, in order to accompany Major-General McDowell in a tour of inspection to the forts of New York harbor. For this occasion the steamer Minnehack had been engaged, and quite a crowd gathered at the Government dock, near the Battery, where she was lying, to witness the departure.

On board, everything was prepared for his reception; the cabins having been appropriately decorated, while a liberal supply of refreshments were secured. About 11 o'clock the Prince, accompanied by his staff, made his appearance, and was greeted with loud cheers, which he acknowledged by gracefully raising his hat and bowing.

As he stepped on board the English flag hoisted, and the band played "God save the Queen," the crowd again cheering as the vessel was cast off. Besides the many ladies and gentlemen on board as invited guests, there were General McDowell, General Ingham, Admirals Stringham and Godon, Colonel Perry, and several other officers all arrayed in full dress uniform.

At Governor's Island was first visited, where a royal salute was fired, and in turns Forts Hamilton, Richmond, Wadsworth, and Columbus were inspected, the garrison at each place turning out to receive the distinguished visitor. A lunch was partaken of at Fort Mifflin, and the Prince expressed great pleasure with the trip, and showed no little interest in, and knowledge of, military matters.

BACK AGAIN. The party returned to the city about 5 o'clock, when his Highness, after returning to the Brevoort, visited the residence of Mr. August Belmont, where he arranged to dine. In the evening he attended the charity ball at the Academy of Music.

A PROPOSED VISIT. It is stated that the Prince will, within a few days, visit Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of ex-President Buchanan, at Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The Prince's friends have already been made for his reception. Mrs. Johnson was at the head of her uncle's establishment while he was American Minister to London in 1854, 1855, and part of 1856. At that time the Prince was but six years old.

A HOAX AT THE TOMBS. Ten handsomely-dressed young gentlemen appeared at the Tombs yesterday, and requested a look at the interior. It was soon whispered around that one was Prince Arthur, and every attention was paid to the visitors, a prominent official connected with the prison volunteering to show them the details of various interesting details. On taking their departure the gentlemen thanked their polite conductor, and presented their cards, when, to the astonishment and chagrin of the official, he found that there had been a mistake, the name of the Prince not appearing on either card.

A SAD CASE. A man by mistake dies up the body of his wife, and Throws it Outside the Burying-ground.

The particulars of a sad case of mistaken identity are related by the Syracuse Courier. It seems that a short time since the wife of a wealthy merchant died, and was buried in a good and sufficient manner. The corpse was buried in the Potter's Field. Then followed the death of a woman of questionable character, whose remains were also laid in the same field by kind hands. The funeral of the erring one was a few days since ordered, and again Samaritan aid her to rest. They did not pay particular heed as to the place where the tainted one should lie. It happened that she was buried near the wife of "Dives," and the poor and rich would have quietly slept their last sleep in the same grave, had not the other party been discovered. Again the angel of death visited the rich man's elegant dwelling, and this time his arrow pierced a shining mark. A much-loved and beautiful daughter was stricken down, and again the father mourned the loss of another loved one. She was buried beside her mother, as the father supposed. Owing to the inclement season of the year, no headstones had been raised over the graves of the mother or daughter. The friends of the fallen sister did not desire to make her grave, but were willing her name should be forgotten.

AFTER THE LAST FUNERAL had taken place, the father began to question in his mind whether or not his daughter had been buried in the proper place beside her mother. He examined the locality carefully, but finally concluded that the woman of questionable reputation slept beside his loved ones! The matter preyed upon his mind to such a degree that it gave him no rest day or night. Considerable time had elapsed, so that there was no opportunity of ascertaining by reference to the books whether or not the erring one had been made. The father finally took a spade, and proceeding to the burying ground, avowed his determination of digging up the body of the woman of bad character. He did so, and knew no other way of proceeding. The neighbors were incensed at this action, and gathered about the remains the next day. One of them happened to pick up the plate of the coffin, which was so covered with rust that the letters were quite unintelligible. Diligently he scraped the plate, and finally he was able to distinctly make out the name thereon, and behold, the husband had dug up and cast to the winds the remains of his own wife!

OF COURSE, all of the remains that could be gotten together were reverently buried again beside her daughter. Our informant is a respectable resident of the above locality, and vouches for the truth of his statements.

AN EXCITING SCENE. A Father Teaches his Boy a Lesson and Nearly Drowns Him.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin says:—Last evening about five o'clock an exciting scene was witnessed near the entrance to the harbor. A father had often forbid his boy, about nine years of age, from going upon the dock, fearful that the little one would by accident be drowned. Last evening upon returning home he found that his boy had disobeyed his orders and was playing with other children near the river's edge. The father hastened to the spot, and, somewhat excited, grasped the boy by the shoulder and, despite his cries, tied the end of a rope about his waist and rushed him in the cold water. He was struggling, and the rope was loosened, and the little fellow, still struggling to get the water from his mouth, fell back and sank. The excitement of the father was now most earnest. He fairly yelled in agony, and would have jumped into the river himself had not bystanders anticipated his intentions and prevented. The boy came up to the surface once and sank again, came up and was about to sink for the last time, when a brave sailor jumped from the dock and caught him by the hair. When the boy was up, he was all but appearances lifeless, but the father clasped the inanimate form in his arms, hugged it close to his breast, and kissed the wet lips over and over again, while the tears fairly flowed in streams down the man's cheeks, and his sobbing could be heard by all. Carrying the boy and bestowing endearing caresses as he went along to the nearest house, the little fellow was soon brought to his senses, and the delight of the parent knew no bounds. He

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

The Truth at Last Made Known—Where He Came From—How He Was Discovered—How He Was Brought to Philadelphia—How He Was Treated—How He Was Sold.

In the latter part of June, 1868, two men, one of them at present a large owner in the giant, arrived in Chicago. They had some time before considered the feasibility of inaugurating a humbug, and had determined upon having something ancient—a statue so old that it would cause wonder and create such an excitement that before it subsided their pockets would be full and their object accomplished. The work of cutting out the statue would have to be done secretly, and no one was to know of it. They searched for some time, and finally met a German who had been in this country about four years, then in the employ of a well-known sculptor in Chicago. He agreed to do the work for \$75 down. A block of gypsum twelve feet long, three feet wide, and eighteen inches thick, was procured from Fort Dodge, Iowa, and placed in a gentleman's barn near Lincoln Park, on the North Side. The owner of the structure was left in the belief that it was another, an assistant to the German. These were the only persons, beside the two men mentioned, who knew anything of it. Even the three did not know what was to be done with the figure when completed. In the latter part of July the arrangement was made to sell the figure in consequence of the thinness of the stone, about a foot and a half was taken off one end of the block, in order to have a better proportioned man. A model was necessary, so one of the men took the arrangement to a man of the name—who is himself a giant in size, with sufficient intellect to humbug the learned savans and wise men of the East, stripped and chose the peculiar position to suit the twisted and unfavorable position of the stone. The artist then modeled a statue of a man, and was instructed to make anything—a monkey, a baboon, or something that would represent a man. So, without questioning the motives of his employers, he set to work. There was no necessity for his leaving the barn for a drink when employed, as plenty of lager beer was supplied him. At the close of the eighteenth day the figure was nearly finished. He did not work at it steadily every day, but whenever he got an opportunity during daylight and at night. His employers made the time to look at it, but they were surprised when they found that the artist had given the figure any quantity of hair. There were ringlets dangling from the head, long beard and patches on other parts of the body. Hull said that would never do—hair would not be wanted, and the hair was removed and did not know what they meant, but removed the hair at their request. In two days more the work was pronounced done by the artist, and his employers, after examining it, expressed themselves as satisfied. Now to make the figure appear to be made of stone, it was carved and put on him. It ate into the soft material, producing spongy-looking cavities. A quantity of English luk was then applied, and this had the effect of giving the giant the appearance of a venerable age. The next step was to paint him in. During the next week the wax was carted to the Michigan Southern Railroad depot. It remained there for so long a time that the owners were notified to take it away, as it occupied so much room and could not be stored there. The wax was removed and delivered. It was subsequently removed and placed aboard a schooner, which sailed for some Eastern lake port. The next heard of it was of its being unearthed on a farm in New York State, and an account was given of it.

What has been done with it since, the public well know, and therefore repetition is unnecessary.

The artist, who is a very modest man, and whose name is yet unknown to fame, does not wish to be mentioned in connection with the matter by a remark he made when told it was a very poor piece of workmanship. "Well," said he, "I hurried me like thunder—any baker could make as good a thing out of dough." He further said, in view of the hard times, he would have liked to take a gallon of strong drink, and admirers of antiquity and petrification at the same price, provided that the ten-acre quarry at Fort Dodge, which was purchased by Hull & Company to get the stone to make the giant, is not already exhausted by parties seeking specimens of this now celebrated stone for their cabinets.

AUDACIOUS. The Most Daring Burglary ever Perpetrated in Connecticut.

The New Haven Leader of the 2d inst. says:—One of the most daring deeds of burglary we were ever called upon to record took place at the residence of a gentleman in the town of Lyme, on Tuesday evening last. Wednesday afternoon, the nephew of Mr. Bill came to this city and made arrangements for the arrest of the burglars, should they pass through this city. The particulars of the burglary are told on Tuesday evening that the family secured the house, as they supposed, and retired about nine o'clock, leaving the daughter in the parlor, playing the piano. About 10 o'clock she heard a noise in the front part of the house. She immediately arose, and went to see the flash of light in her room, and looking over her shoulder, she saw two men enter. She dared not stir or hardly breathe, and feigned profound sleep. The robbers then went quietly to work and searched her trunk and bureau. After gathering up a quantity of value, they approached the bed and applied chloroform to both the girls. Miss Bill had taken the precaution to put the sheet over her mouth, so that she was only slightly affected by it; after which one of them reached over, and gathering all the gold and silver in his hands, he proceeded to cut it off with a dull knife close to the scalp! The brave girl, perfectly conscious, and fearing if she gave the least sign of consciousness she would be killed, supported this torturing operation without flinching. They had left the room, Miss Bill screamed for help. On coming to her assistance, as Mr. Bill and his two sons did instantly, it was difficult for them to believe that she was not insane, her appearance was so changed by the loss of her hair and by her terrible fright. The soon comprehended the situation, but the robbers had fled, and no trace of them could be discovered. But it was found that they had ransacked the house before entering the girl's room, and had collected their booty in a front room on the main floor. They had secured in a buffalo robe and horse blanket. All the silverware and all the small articles of value which they could find in the house had been there collected ready for removal, but their exit was so sudden and evidently unexpected that they had no time to take it with them. The watch was found in the hair they cut from Miss Bell's head, were all strewn upon the hall floor in their flight. They escaped from a chamber window on a piazza, from which they jumped to the ground.

REDDY THE BLACKSMITH. Excitement Caused by a False Report of His Death.

About noon yesterday a report was put in circulation in New York, and telegraphed to this city, to the effect that William Varley, otherwise "Reddy the Blacksmith," had died at Bellevue Hospital from the effects of the beating he received on Wednesday night. The report created considerable excitement, and for a time formed the principal subject of common talk. There was no truth, however, in the rumor.

Many persons called at the New York Coroner's office to learn the particulars of Varley's death, and were informed that the man, although severely injured, was still alive and not considered in a dangerous condition. Varley is still at Bellevue, and presents a frightful appearance. His face and head are badly cut, and one of his hands is lacerated in a most terrible manner. The pain of one of his ribs has been wholly cut off. Mrs. Varley was in attendance on her husband yesterday, and will remain with him during his confinement. Haggerty, the ruffian who made the deadly assault on Varley, is still at large.

ROYAL FECUNDITY.

What an English Workingman Thinks About the Prospects of the coming year? Reynolds' Newspaper is the organ of the English working classes, and the letters it contains are usually of a "strong" character. The following is a sample:— "What are the prospects of the coming year? What twaddle and trash can ministers put into the mouth of the Queen when she opens Parliament? Will she say anything about the blessings that Almighty God has vouchsafed to bestow upon her people? I should think not. Never did we enter upon a new year with more gloomy prospects than those looming darkly in the distance. It may be satisfactory to some folk to know that during the past year additions have been made to the royal family, and more than a dozen children have been born to the two or three sucking princesses. For ourselves, sir, we look upon these 'auspicious events' as curses rather than blessings—as occurrences rather to be deplored than hailed with rejoicing. At the present time, I believe what your Queen's children and grand-children and other offshoots of royalty—so to speak—of the numerous bastards of royal personages, etc., now flooding the army and navy, and getting rapid promotions by jumping over the heads of better men than themselves, there are altogether too many. Still, by and by, young, male and female, that may possibly be come quartered on the national exchequer. Many of that number are now sucking at John Bull's breasts and drawing the life-blood from his veins. Surely this is not a pleasant or assuring outlook for the future. As these tribes of uneducated comorants grow into years, like birds just getting their plumage, they open their beaks and ask for substantial nourishment, and this is obtained by those omniscient 'graduates' from the sovereign, which require her 'faithful Commons' to make some provision for this or that prince or princess. These messages, so portentous of lightning the pocket, will I fear, be of frequent occurrence. Arthur, Louise, Beatrice, and the other ladies, are not years of discretion when princes and princesses are made to put their hands into John Bull's pocket. But although the pocket is rendered exceedingly light by the multifarious fingers dipped therein, it will be rendered lighter by the hands yet to come. This is certainly not a pleasant prospect for the people.

"The papers contained the other day the following paragraph:— 'Announcements were made yesterday morning that, for the purpose of giving birth to daughters—namely, the Countess of Ellesmere, the Countess of Darley, Lady Skelmersdale, and the Hon. Mrs. Bertie.

"As the farmer looks with fear and trembling upon the increase of vermin that devours his crop and ruins his stock, so do the aristocrats heart sicken when I read of more princes and aristocrats being brought into the world. They are a curse to the country—a terrible affliction upon the poor. Therefore, the infants alluded to above, and such like women, are not wanted, and their presence could well be dispensed with."

MRS. STANTON TO THE FORE.

Repulsed by Phillips, she Captures the Bird Club—Frothingham's Invidiousity.

A Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes:—The great interest in feminine circles in this village for the past few days has been the sudden appearance and irresistible activity of Mrs. Cady Stanton, the New York Revolutionist. Since Coriolanus "uttered your Voices in Coriolanus," there has not been an article in a dove-cote since in these parts. She first appeared nearly a week ago, and excited the first alarm by appearing uninvited at the Radical Club on Wednesday, and on the same evening at the anti-slavery festival. It was on the same day that the scene at the Tremont House took place.

In a group of people, as the story goes, a niece of Wendell Phillips, seeing that he took no notice of Mrs. Stanton, said, more than once, "Mr. Phillips, this is Mrs. Stanton," and then, as Mrs. Stanton came forward with her hand extended, Mr. Phillips put both hands behind him, after the example of Dr. Johnson on a like occasion, drew back and refused to speak to the lady. She, nevertheless, on Thursday or Friday went to Horticultural bazaar, and in the evening she was there again yesterday to hear Mr. Frothingham's lecture. On Saturday she was invited to dine with Mr. Bird's club at George Young's and did go, sitting at the patriarch Frank's right hand, and meeting the arguments of the club for and against woman suffrage with a ready wit and perfect good humor.

I have said that Mrs. Stanton heard Mr. Frothingham's determined pronouncement against revealed religion; and what is more, she opposed it, which Mrs. Livermore does not. The lecture is much talk here, and is viewed as something worse than Parker ever preached in Boston. A member of Dr. Gannett's Church speaks of it as "the most appalling thing he ever heard," and says that Mr. Frothingham's words had been in vain for such a long time in London. He would have been unmoored in the ancient Athens, I fancy, for he proposed building altars "to the unknown God," as the religious people about Mars Hill did in St. Paul's time. It remains to be seen whether the modern Athens will be so unmoored as the ancient Athens. As Judge Sprague used to advise in fugitive-slavery times. The occasion of Mrs. Stanton's visit here is to fulfil her engagements to lecture in New England. She finds Boston a convenient headquarters, and if she is aware how much commotion is caused by her presence she will be tempted to come again soon, I have no doubt.

SMUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Boards of Cedar, and What They May Contain—Shrewd Device.

One of the officers of the New York Custom House was somewhat suspicious yesterday morning about a lot of cedar boards which were imported from Havana. The boards looked all right. The surroundings were all right. The only difficulty was the drayman. The inspector sent for him. He came; but when he came he found that the weight was not there. He lifted and lifted, and yet after he had lifted the load there was not the weight he thought there ought to be. The load was either too heavy or too light. The carman stopped; and one of those "terrible" detectives of the Custom House was near by. He believed that there was something wrong. He called the drayman and told him it ought to be. He stopped it. The cart did stop at his command. With him they travelled to the Custom House. When there, Mr. Lewis took charge of the whole lot, and was quite satisfied in finding that 25,000 of the finest cigars were concealed in every row of boards. It was a big haul for the officers, who get their percentage on the value of the seizures they make, but for the Custom House it was something better. They have learned by this discovery how cigars are smuggled. And they will know hereafter how to prevent it.

To the knowing ones this method was not new. Congressmen were in the habit of send-

THE LATE MARINE DISASTER.

The Sinking of the Steamer Brunette—Captain Jones' Version of the Mishap—"The Brunette's Officers to Blame."

The last sad marine disaster, resulting in the sinking of the steamer Brunette by colliding with the schooner Santiago de Cuba, during the night of Tuesday, with the loss of a valuable cargo and two lives, has caused the master of the latter vessel to give his version of the lamentable occurrence. Captain A. G. Jones, the officer in question, declines most victoriously to wear the mantle of blame which the officers of the Brunette have thrown upon his shoulders, averring that the cause of the accident was due alone to their ignorance or stupidity. He further states that the residue of his statements are erroneous, being prompted by self-preservation entirely, and that falsehoods could never cause such malicious insinuations as their report conveys.

Captain Jones says that his instructions from the owner of the Santiago de Cuba were that, upon her return voyage, he should keep the southern passage, and he fully complied with the orders. Moreover, his vessel at the time was in a disabled condition, caused by an accident to the engine, and that was the reason of his being in the latitude where the accident occurred. His statement is exceedingly clear, and of such interest that it invites perusal. Captain Jones says:— "On Tuesday night, about 15 minutes past 10 o'clock, the Santiago de Cuba, with the crank shaft of the engine broken, was off Woodlands, Squan Beach, en route to New York, having made by instructions the Southern passage. The second officer, Mr. Cornelius, was in charge of the deck, as he had just relieved me, and I was sitting in my room, which is near the pilot-house. My statement is exceedingly clear, and of such interest that it invites perusal. 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